News from the River of Thames.

To a Pleaſant New Tune.

THE Winter is exceeding cold, poor People find it ſo ; I think there's

neither young nor old, that e're the like did know : The famous Ri--ver

of the *Thames*, is now a High-way made ; And there is Booths and

Shops al--ſo, ſet up of ev'--ry Trade.

Now Lovers with their Sweet-hearts go,
Unto the Frozen Fayr,
Some *Silver* Preſents to beſtow ;
On ſome, fine *Chyna* Ware.
Roaſt Beef is likewiſe Plentiful ;
And ſome Drink *Brandy* ſo,
That how to ſpeak a Word of ſenſe
By no means they do know.

Now from the *Temple* there is Built,
A pretty Street or Fayr,
And there's laid out good ſtore of Guilt,
In every ſort of Ware.
Coaches running up and down
As if it were a Road :
But this, the Labouring Watermen,
Doth greatly diſcommode.

The *Gold-Smiths* Shops well cuſtom'd are,
And *Pewterers* alſo ;
Such an Icey-Frozen-Fayr
The World did never know.
There's ſeeming Boats compos'd by Art,
That ſlide on with a ſayl ;
And thoſe that ſuch Contrivance find,
It doth them much Avail.

Bull-Bayting, and Bear-Bayting too,
Upon the *Thames* hath been ;
The like before I tell to you
By no man e're was ſeen :
There's Nine-Pins Plaid, and Pigin-holes,
And many ſports beſide :
There ſcarcely any VVaterman
Can tell how runs the Tide.

The Bonny Watermen that us'd
To cry, *Where ſhall I Land ye ?*
With ſome Old Curtains make a Booth,
And there ſell *Ale* and *Brandy*.
There's Fidling, and there's Dancing too ;
The like was ner'e before ;
A man can very hardly know
The Water from the Shore.

Slideing in Scates there you may ſee,
To all mens Admiration,
And *England* almoſt ſeems to be
Like to another Nation.
All things Topſie Turvy turn'd,
As may be well Obſerv'd ;
And many Poor that well have Liv'd,
Half Famiſh't are, and Starv'd.

Oh ! That the Rich conſider would
The Poor now in diſtreſs,
And call to mind how that ye ſhould
Not be ſo Pittyleſs.
In God's good Time I hope we ſhall
An alteration find ;
Thus I do wiſh, God bleſs you all
That bear an Honeſt Mind.

God Proſper long our Soveraign KING
And happy let Him be ;
That all from *Royal Race* do Spring
Live in Proſperity.
Let Heavenly Power Protect *YORK* ſtill,
And keep him from his Foes ;
Let them be croſſed in their VVill
That no *Allegiance* knows.

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